

Good For Me

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Good For Me

by [freelyf4llen](#)

Summary

George indulges in Dream's praise kink. Dream wants to be good for him.

Notes

Friendly disclaimer that you shouldn't harrass people about their relationships!

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We all saw it. You *know* I had to write again. My last fic was well-received despite my fears so I'll un-private it. As always, **read the tags!**

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"My boy, so good for me."

Dream struggled against his binds, sweat running down his arms as he tried to lean closer towards his boyfriend. George was standing over the bed, a smug smile adorning his face. He lovingly ran his fingers over the ropes holding Dream down in place, ghosting over his hands and leaving faint trails down his biceps.

"George," Dream rasped, "I want to touch you."

"We've barely even begun," George cooed back as he walked to the other end of the bed, where Dream's feet had also been tied to the posts. He placed a hand on one leg, inching closer and closer to his knee before abruptly pulling it away.

Dream whined pathetically.

"Good boys are patient, aren't they?" George said, moving back to Dream's side, caressing his cheek with one hand. He looked red now, beautiful green eyes staring at his own, *pleading* and blurry with tears.

Dream nodded slowly. "I can be good," he whispered. George smiled and patted his cheek approvingly. Dream chased after his hand when he pulled it away, eyes wide with arousal. "George, George *please*."

George huffs out a laugh, placing a finger to Dream's lips. The latter shuts his mouth in alarm as George begins to straddle him, clothed ass resting against his bare stomach. The finger moves to cup Dream's cheek, and suddenly George is kissing him, his warm mouth a fresh gulp of water in an arid desert. Dream moans into the kiss. He wants to feel George so *badly*, to tug on his hair and hold his cheeks and wrap his arms around his body.

It was gone as quickly as it had come. Dream whined, frustrated, bucking his hips up.

George shot him an annoyed glare. "Dream! You're being very naughty," he sighed. "I was so close to giving you a treat as well." He climbs off Dream's body, much to the other's distress.

"No! No! George, I'm sorry," Dream babbled.

"You refuse to listen," George huffed as he started stripping his clothes off. Dream's eyes roved hungrily over his body; it was nothing he hadn't seen before, but it was still as breathtaking. *George was breathtaking*. He was a temple, and Dream his devout worshipper.

"I'm sorry George." Dream tested the ropes around his wrists again. Nope, still secure.

"Maybe I'll just pleasure myself over here and leave you tied up like that," George continued with a frown, stroking himself lazily. Dream's eyes widened in alarm. "Is that what you want, Dream? Do you want me to leave you here?"

"No! No, George!" Dream sobbed, raising his head as high as he could to take a better look at his boyfriend. "I need you George, please don't leave me... I'll be good— I-I'll be a good boy for you, George—"

"You promise?" George asked as he started approaching the bed. Dream nodded feverishly in response.

"So good," he said hoarsely, "The best boy."

George finally caved, going back to Dream's side and planting a soft kiss onto his forehead. "I could never stay mad at you, Dream," he murmured. Dream shuddered in response and closed his eyes.

George got up with a smile, fetching some lube and lathering it into Dream's red, leaking cock. The younger whimpered in response, eyes shooting open, but otherwise made no other move. George's smile stretched out into a wide grin, tongue peeking out to swipe across his bottom lip.

"You're doing so good for me, Dream," George praised, stroking him up to full hardness. "So good,

but I don't want you to cum until I do. Can you do that for me, love?"

"Y-Yes," Dream replied through shaky breaths. "Anything for you, George... I'm all yours."

"Good boy."

George reached out a hand to remove the plug from his own ass. Dream's eyes followed the toy, now perched innocently onto the dresser.

George had prepared himself.

He prepared himself, fuck.

The same hand was now stretching George's slicked hole, putting on a show for Dream and Dream only. The younger suddenly felt flustered.

"Are you ready love?" George purred, moving over to kneel on either side of his hips. Dream nodded wordlessly, his cheeks still warm. He became increasingly aware of George's weight hovering over him. "Remember Dream, no cumming until I do. Okay?"

"I'll be good," Dream whispered, grabbing tightly onto his self-control the way one might over the reins of an unruly horse. "I'm your good boy, aren't I George?"

George hummed in response as he lined up Dream's weeping cock with his waiting hole. He sinks onto it, moaning wantonly as he feels the pleasurable burn from being stretched open. Dream clenched his jaw, his fists, his toes. Self control—grab it, tame it, lest it bucks you off in mid-air.

"Doing so well," George sighed happily, taking in every last inch of his lover. "Such a good boy for me, Dream."

Dream whines in reply. He wants to touch, so *so* badly.

George's hips had started moving agonizingly *slow* as he adjusted to Dream's girth. His hands rested onto his pecs, both as support and to drive the other man wilder. He smiled adoringly down at him, giving hushed praises through sultry sighs and hooded eyes.

"Look at you," George moaned, "so nice and still for me. Lie down there and look pretty for me, will you?"

Dream whimpered as George's pace grew relentless, hips raising high enough before sinking down deliciously onto him. The urge to thrust back into him was unbearably strong, but his restraint had to be unbreakable. *He'll do his best. For George.* George's eyes rolled back into his head, mouth open in a pretty "O", sweat clinging onto his skin as he continued bouncing onto Dream's cock.

"Dream," he gasped, "oh, *Dream*, move for me, please, love— Ah!!!!" He threw his head back as Dream enthusiastically met his thrusts, hips bucking frantically into his. "Yes! Yes! Ahh—"

"Ah! George, George," Dream cried, "I want to hold you."

"Okay," George replied hoarsely, "since you've been so good. I'll give you a little treat, love." He reached out towards the ropes binding Dream's arms and untied them. Almost immediately, his hands roamed all over George's body, relishing the freedom in being able to touch him again.

"Thank you," Dream sobbed, "I love you George, let me *feel* you—"

"Do it! Do it!" George cried out, feeling him tugging onto his hair. "Fuck, I'm close Dream, I'm so

close—"

His pace grew even more frenzied as Dream took hold of his cock, stroking it earnestly in time with his thrusts. George came with a shuddering cry, spurting all over Dream's chest and hand and collapsing bonelessly onto him. Dream's hands moved onto his hips, gripping them tightly.

"May I?" Dream asked, panting quietly. George nodded tiredly.

With that, Dream rammed into George's hole, moving his hips for him. George moaned quiet "*so good*"s and "*yes Dream*"s as Dream chased after his own orgasm until he finally came, filling George to the brim with hot cum. He groaned exhaustedly, pressing a kiss onto George's head.

"How did I do, George?" Dream asked softly, trying to catch his breath.

"You did so good, baby," George whispered. "Followed my orders so well. Such a good boy for me, aren't you?"

Dream made an embarrassed noise as he held George closer to him. George laughed and pressed a sloppy kiss onto the corner of his mouth.

"You're adorable," George chuckled. "I wasn't being too rough, was I?"

"No, not at all." Dream ran his hands through George's mussed-up hair. "You were too kind to me."

"You deserve kindness."

Dream chuckled bashfully. George smiled and nestled his head onto the crook of Dream's neck.

"Love you," Dream mumbled shyly.

"I love you too." George planted another kiss onto Dream's jaw. "C'mon, let's get cleaned up." He lifted himself up from his boyfriend's softening cock with a squelch and moved to remove the rope around Dream's feet.

"That's so nasty," Dream laughed.

"Oh hush." George rolled his eyes fondly. "You know you love it."

"Maybe."

End Notes

Abrupt ending is abrupt. "Good" doesn't sound like a real word anymore.

~~also i can't really see george topping eeeee sorry~~

Comments and kudos are appreciated! (*ω*)

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